Week ending October 7, 1944 — Volume LXXVI 1999

# JOHN BULL

Every Thursday — Threepence

## THE PRICE OF PEACE

**Important survey begins with**

## VICTORY IS NOT ENOUGH

**In our centre pages this week**

*My goodness—*
you've earned
your Guinness

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Just a little
**MARMITE**
adds flavour
and nourishment
to War Time
dishes

Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, provides vitamins of the B group. It adds nourishment as well as delicious flavour to all soups, stews and gravies. Marmite makes a savoury filling for sandwiches.

*Ask your grocer for* **MARMITE**

# *Great strides*

AT that anxious time when baby seems to lose instead of gain, Nestlé's milk turns the tide. Nestlé's milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own complete and perfect food. But it is milk which baby can easily digest and thrive on from the first days. That is the simple reason behind a thousand miracles.

## Nestlé's Milk

RICHEST IN CREAM

## 'CAMP' COFFEE

*FULL STRENGTH*
*NO WASTE*

# FOOD FACTS

## TO ALL MOTHERS of Green-Ration-Book Children

Every time you see your child's green ration book think of cod liver oil and orange juice! That will help you to remember to get them from the welfare clinic, Food Office or distributing centre, and remind you to give them to your child each day.

**WHY does the healthiest child need cod liver oil and orange juice?**

(a) Cod liver oil increases a child's resistance to infections, helps to build strong bones and good teeth. It also helps to prevent rickets.
(b) Orange juice is needed for the child's general health.

**WHERE do I get my cod liver oil and orange juice?**

At your nearest welfare clinic, Food Office or distributing centre. There are over 10,000 distributing points all over the country where these foods can be obtained. If you don't know where the nearest one is to be found, ask your Food Office.

**HOW MUCH do cod liver oil and orange juice cost?**

Each bottle of cod liver oil costs 1/6d. and each bottle of orange juice costs 5d. The bottle of cod liver oil lasts about a month and the bottle of orange juice lasts a fortnight. If you are entitled to free milk you will also get cod liver oil and orange juice free, but you must first apply at the Food Office for the free coupons.

**HOW OFTEN should cod liver oil and orange juice be given?**

Every single day. Babies should be given cod liver oil after the feed. Start at about one month and, to begin with, give only a few drops two or three times a day. Dilute the orange juice with three times as much water and sweeten it with a little sugar, and don't give orange juice mixed with the bottle feed. After a few weeks your child should be having the full amount of cod liver oil and orange juice as directed on the bottles.

**Will my children like cod liver oil and orange juice?**

Very few young children will dislike cod liver oil, provided of course that you don't in any way show that it may taste nasty. Dislike and faddiness come mostly from imitation. In any case, things that are not liked often have to be taken! Orange juice is popular with almost every child.

LISTEN TO THE [illegible] TUES., WED., THURS., & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.C.1. FOOD FACTS No. 221

## Why Mary has no shoe problem

Mary owns a pair of shoes
Which are her joy and pride;
Mary loves to walk about
When other people ride.
Yet Mary's shoes wear very well,
How comfortable they feel,
For each of them is fitted with
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

* * *

So remember to ask your re-pairer to fit Goodyear!

## GOODYEAR

SOLES AND HEELS

*For Men, Women and Children*

*(including Lightweight "invisible" sticken soles for women)*

## *Scotland keeps her promise*

THIS year's Scotch oats have been threshed. The millers must now make sure that all the goodness which only Scotch oats can provide is passed on to the housewife.

When the oats arrive at Scott's Mills in Midlothian they are cleaned and then carefully dried to ensure that their flavour is retained. Having been sorted, husked and thoroughly cleaned again, the groats are then cut and fed into the rolling machines. Here they are partly cooked by steam. When dry they are packed. This is how Scotch oats become Scott's Porage Oats. As you see, the process is a long one. It has to be, if all the flavour and the food value of the oats are to be retained.

On your breakfast table this winter will be the complete story: Scotch oats, sown, grown, harvested, rolled and packed, in a season Scotland has kept the promise she made you in the Spring. There will be Scott's Porage Oats again for breakfast this winter.

## Scott's porage Oats

SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST

*Made by A. & A. B. Scott, Limited, West Mills, Coldstream, Midlothian*

## NO 'Golden Shred' J.R. instead

**Why?** Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED."

Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

**It's Robertson's -you can depend on it!**

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) Ltd.
*Golden Shred Works*
London Paisley Manchester Bristol

## This CHOCOLATE SHORTBREAD has a real "pearline" flavour!

YOU'LL be delighted with the "pearline" flavour and consistency of this delicious Chocolate Shortbread! Make some today and give the family a real treat.

INGREDIENTS: *8 oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon Rowntree's Cocoa, 4 oz. margarine, 4 oz. sugar, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon dried egg (reconstituted).*

METHOD: Mix dry ingredients together and rub in margarine. Blend with the reconstituted egg. Place in a sandwich tin, flatten with the hand and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

* * *

IMPORTANT. So many meal-time dishes contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron for the blood. Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion, too. Make it *your* family's meal-time drink.

*Buy economy size, not the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)*

## ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Without Fear or Favour

## THE TRUTH ABOUT WAR

THE first phase of the war is nearly won. The second, the struggle against Japan, should not be lengthy. Victory, certain and complete, is assured.

But victory is no guarantee of security; nor is peace merely an absence of war.

Was the victory of 1918 a decisive stage in the uphill journey of mankind? Was not the "peace" of the '20's but a preparation for fresh miseries? And, before this country mobilised against the Hitler gangsters, were not the peoples of Spain and Abyssinia and China crucified? No, we dare not restore that sort of peace.

It would be folly, too, for us to imagine that peace can be imposed on the world.

AT DUMBARTON OAKS, the four Great Powers in the fight for freedom have discussed a rough plan to compel the nations to submit differences to arbitration, and to maintain large armies to enforce the rule of law.

Such a scheme is an imperative necessity, but it is not enough.

The policeman is indispensable in national as well as international affairs. But it is the policeman's duty to suppress crime—he is not concerned with removing the causes of crime.

The nation tries to remove those causes by educating its citizens, by giving them a fair chance of decent living, by saving them from exploitation and starvation.

So it should be in the case of the international crime which we call war.

We have not only to ensure that the greedy will be deterred from aggression by the sight of the policeman. We must also see that the peoples everywhere are not provoked to envy and racial jealousy and commercial strife; that they are instead instructed and encouraged to become good international citizens.

MANY FACTORS are involved, and JOHN BULL proposes to examine them in a series of articles. The first—"Victory is Not Enough" appears on pages 8 and 9 of this issue.

This series will suggest that the problem of creating a real peace is not insoluble, that the ideas and systems which bar the way to world-wide prosperity and contentment can be swept aside, and it will outline a positive remedy for the worst malady that has ever afflicted mankind.

And to consider how future wars may be prevented is surely a duty we all owe to those who are fighting to preserve our liberty now.

The Editor

### STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

# Our Affairs Prosper

**Despite the heroic failure of Arnhem, the war goes well. There is progress to report, too, in the struggle against pain, squalor, ignorance and poverty**

GENERAL DEMPSEY is evidently massing his forces for a main assault. The attempt to open a direct route to the heart of Germany on a narrow front was a justifiable gamble; had it succeeded, the war might have ended very quickly.

Now we must presumably rely on the slower, more patient, method of attacking on a broad front.

### The Stuff of Greatness

But if the actual operations at Arnhem failed by a small margin, they have set a standard of valour as great as the Battle of Britain and the defiance of Stalingrad.

The German tribute to our troops, "They fought like lions," well accords with their password of "John Bull."

For centuries Sir Philip Sidney has been celebrated for his chivalry in giving his flask of water, when dying at Arnhem, to a wounded comrade. The fame of those who fought there last week will surely endure as long.

### It Goes Well

Nor was their ordeal in vain. They disposed of 12,000 of the enemy; they helped to trap 200,000 more.

Other figures stated last week by Mr. Churchill indicate the overwhelming superiority of the Allies in France and the Low Countries. And the Russians, whose strength and achievements will never be overshadowed, are certain to destroy the eastern bulwarks of the Reich.

### Vague Catchphrase

But General Eisenhower's appeal to the foreign workers in Germany, if not premature, should have been accompanied by an Allied proclamation to the German people to rise against the Nazis. In such matters we have much to learn from our Russian friends.

Moreover, the ambiguous slogan of "Unconditional Surrender" is not likely to persuade the enemy to admit defeat. It is time our precise terms were defined.

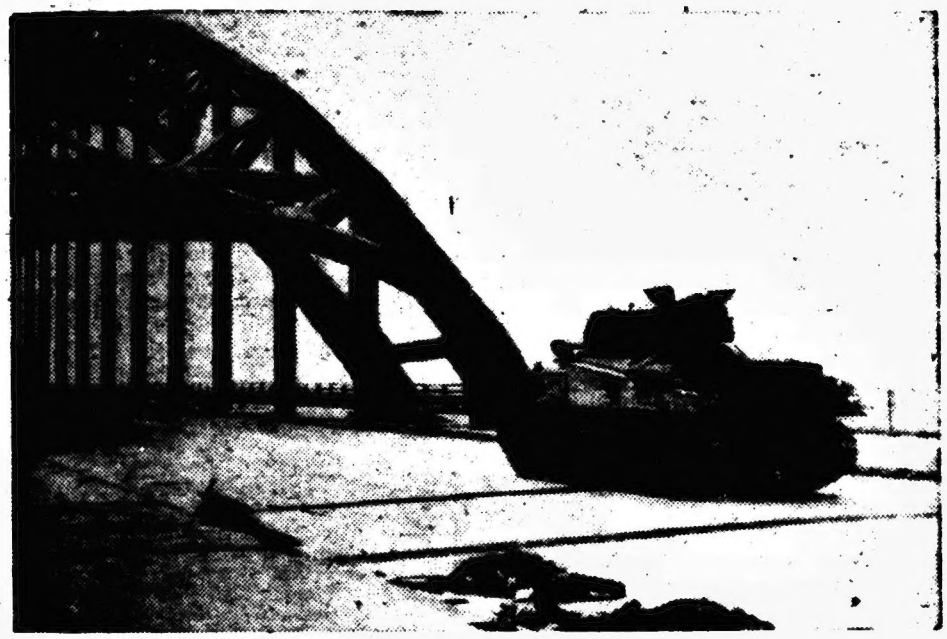
### Security for Britain

NEVER HAS THERE BEEN more spectacular news of the war in Britain against destitution and squalor.

The Government's version of the Beveridge plan implies nothing less than a social revolution. The Workmen's Compensation scheme is an excellent end to months of wrangling behind the doors of Whitehall. And, within the same week, the Cabinet has been compelled to treat the housing situation as a "national emergency." But some points of criticism remain.

### Reduce the Limit

Thus, owners of damaged houses might be able to carry out repairs themselves



Past the corpses of German defenders, a British tank rolls across the war's most vital bridge—at Nijmegen

were they not forbidden (in London, at any rate) to spend more than £100.

Again, vacant sites should be requisitioned. Mr. Charles Key, M.P. for Bow, revealing that 9,000 of the 23,000 houses in his constituency have been destroyed, states that 1,400 temporary houses could be built were requisitioning powers available to local authorities.

### Worth a Trial

DR. SHAKESPEAR COOKE, writing in the *Lancet*, gives news of the eternal war against pain. He reports that a form of alcohol, generally used to reduce the pain of broken limbs, mixed with a drug called chloral, has been successfully used in thirty cases of childbirth.

Given in a lemon drink, it caused no ill-effects either to mother or child. Five mothers asked when all was over, "When am I going to have my baby?"

So, at last, perhaps, a safe drug has been found for maternity cases. Certainly it seems to justify a lengthy period of careful scientific tests.

JB
insurance

**JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc., in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.**

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

### Raising the Standard

As for the battle against ignorance and poverty, the Dominions Labour Conference has emphasised the need to raise the standard of life in the Colonies.

You will remember the conditions found by a Royal Commission in the West Indies at the outbreak of war—unemployment, wretched housing, inadequate medical services, and the like.

### Fourpence a Day

The hundred million natives of Africa are no better off. In Nigeria, for example, less than 5 per cent. of the population can read or write; malaria and leprosy abound; men work for as little as fourpence a day; even some of the aristocrats of industry, the railwaymen, receive only ninepence a day.

Parliament, however, is already committed to spending millions of pounds a year on Colonial improvements and there is some prospect that much more will be done after the war. Better still, there is a growing realisation that the needs of so-called "backward countries" will have to be tackled on a world-wide basis by all the nations.

### Ties and Taxes

REFORMS FOR THE SERVICES are being granted with almost curious haste, certainly with a noticeable lack of criticism even from the most conservative members of the Old Guard

In future, a disabled ex-Serviceman who was formerly a retailer will, says Mr. Dalton, be granted a licence to open a shop in any area and any line of business. Sir James Grigg has approved

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

continued from preceding page

collars and ties for soldiers in the ranks. While thus ministering to the troops' self-respect, he could add to their comfort by sending to France the adequate supplies of beer promised months ago.

Fighting is thirsty work, and many soldiers would welcome an occasional half-pint of beer.

## They Pay

Again, it is only fair to point out that not all the cost of extra Service pay will come from civilian pockets. Part will be borne by the troops themselves in the way of increased income tax.

Some people do not realise that Servicemen are liable to income tax, and Sir John Anderson did not enlighten them in his recent statement. Moreover, as there is no Pay-as-you-Earn in the Services, many demobilised men will have a big bill to meet when they return to civil life.

## Crowded Out

With the spate of war news, details of the International Seafarers' Charter, proposed last week, were crowded out of the papers.

The Charter was the result of a conference held in London last July when representatives of the Merchant Navies of twelve countries got together.

## Ship's Charter

The minimum wages for an able seaman were put at £18 a month with a working "day" of eight hours per twenty-four at sea. Perhaps the most important suggestion was that seafarers should be able to retire at fifty-five with a pension according to length of service.

What will happen to this Charter? Surely it deserves early recognition and acceptance?

## Family Quiz

On a later page we print a letter from a soldier's wife who sees her chances of motherhood slipping away as the Far Eastern campaign goes on. It is a pathetic letter, though the writer makes no attempt to play on emotion.

By the same post we had a letter from the wife of a man in the Middle East. It told the story, which the *Times* later took up, of the questions asked of soldiers seeking compassionate leave on what really are "family grounds."

## Show Good Cause

The men's wives had to be over thirty-five, said the amendment to a general Army Order. There had to be good cause shown why a family had not been started before the war, and there had to be medical evidence that a couple could, and would, have children.

The wife who's written to us does not hesitate to express her disgust at this intimate inquisition. Her feelings are pretty certain to be shared by other would-be mothers.

## Those Reputed Quarts

A recent note on beer being sold to the troops in "reputed quarts" has prompted some investigation. And these peculiar measures seem to be disreputable, to say the least.

According to an expert who has been in "Weights and Measures" for forty-two years, not only the reputed quart but several other popular measures are definitely illegal.

## Losing Fight

It all goes back sixty-six years to the Act of 1878 which laid down that only certain definite weight and measures should be used in the United Kingdom.

The authorities tried to enforce the rules, but they soon began to fight a losing fight. Government Departments themselves started to use the phrases "reputed quart" and "reputed pint" in collecting duty on alcoholic liquors.

## Stamped and Tested

As for the Board of Trade, which is really responsible for our Weights and Measures, well, its progress towards clarification is so slow that it doesn't seem to move at all.

Before 1914, a whisky or a gin in your local pub was regarded as a quarter of a gill. The public were served from proper measures stamped to that effect and periodically tested by the inspectors.

## Working Trick

During the last war the quantity was reduced to one-fifth of a gill—the "Lloyd George." That was a device to counter the increased duty on spirits instead of raising the price of a nip. This measure was illegal and could not be stamped. But publicans found they could get away with it and now the nip can be anything from one-fifth of a gill (called a "five-out") to one-seventh of a gill (a "seven-out").

## Daring Joke

And so, says our expert, you see how "reputed quarts" came to be accepted. So long as Government Departments ignore the law you can't blame the retailer.

And with all these short measures about, the beer drinker is deprived of his old joke. Where's the man with the courage to look at his half-pint and ask: "Could you get a drop of gin in there?" As if there were any gin—even a "seven-out."

## Bath Ban

A town in Normandy has a public bath, says Corporal J. E. S——. Good. Officers and other ranks used it at fifteen francs a time. Good. But there have been queues, and now the place is out of bounds to all except the officers. Good?

Answers probably depend on whether you've got a commission. If you haven't, yet admit there have to be officers, then you must admit their prestige must be kept up in all sorts of ways. And it's not much good grousing at something you'd do yourself if you could. Is it?

# Argument

## SMALL SHOPS

**Is the small shopkeeper better for the community than the chain store? Here is a summary of the best opinion on both sides. Which of these views has your support?**

### for

1. His personal relationship with you is valuable; he takes pleasure and pride in knowing your tastes and needs.
2. He spends his profits locally, so the money stays in your town.
3. He is a local taxpayer; in this, his interests are yours.
4. He probably gives his services, unpaid, in many local activities.
5. You know with whom you are dealing. If you complain to him, it is to an equal; he has not a group of millionaire directors far away.
6. Not himself engaged in manufacture, he avoids wasteful advertising, selecting his stock independently from among competing producers; in this way you are sure of the best.
7. He has not the capital needed for systematic undercutting of competitors and the recouping of losses thus made by a policy of "squeeze" once their trade is secured; he competes man for man, service against service, fair and above board.
8. If you think it efficient to have a hundred stores in a chain, why not a thousand?—why not one vast organisation of chain stores?
9. Consider the political power of such organisations, wielded behind the scenes—whereas the small man's activities are known to you, and are on the same scale as your own.
10. In short, he is a vital part of a healthy community, guided by local opinion, interested in local concerns—not a huge outside organisation, milking your town for profits, indifferent to your interests, too powerful for you to control.

### against

1. Why idealise the small shop—it's out for profits, too.
2. But it can only make them by selling dear, whereas the large-scale trading concern makes profits by cutting costs.
3. To serve the huge populations of modern times calls for modern methods: you can't put back the clock.
4. The store manager is an expert; the small shopkeeper has frequently no real trade knowledge—he just "took a shop."
5. Often barely solvent, he is forced to overwork his family or underpay his staff.
6. Trade unions can bargain with combines, but not with innumerable one- or two-man shops.
7. Advertising isn't waste; in practice, it costs the purchaser nothing, for by creating bigger and steadier demand, it makes possible mass-production of cheaper and better goods. No combine dare spend £100,000 advertising poor stuff; it's the small trader who, if it "looks good," is tempted to stock rubbish.
8. The small shop often can't afford to replace stock complained of; the combine finds it policy to settle without argument.
9. If the small man does well, he soon buys other shops. This, in fact, is how most chains started!
10. In short, the retail combine is simply the result of logical progress, a national institution, controlled when necessary by your vote, like any other, and existing only because it "delivers the goods."

## Barter by Jeep

A different thing altogether is ported by a Signalman, now across Channel. With money having no va he says, it's been the usual thing "trade" Army rations with the l farmer in exchange for eggs, lettuce tomatoes. But what chance have men got when they're up against a sent out by the officers with stacks Army-issued soup and canned goods? That, surely, is not very common there.

## Fine

Heartiest congratulations to Walsall magistrates who heard the against Wilfred Edgar Hale, J.P., was accused of failing to comply wit billeting notice.

They heard all Mr. Hale's reas they heard that he was an import man in the town and county. And t fined him the maximum amount— with 10 guineas cost.

## At the Pictures

About half a dozen men, wounded France, but able to get about, inv some of their nurses at a Scot hospital to go to the pictures on t afternoon off.

They had a jolly party and manager of the cinema gave them and cakes after the show. The got back to hospital in good time the girls returned later in the eve

## Explanation?

Result of the "escapade" was that wounded men had their "walking-o passes temporarily stopped and nurses were punished by being confi to their living quarters during their time. The tea party was regarded as offence against hospital discipl Nurses who had been there were tr ferred by the matron to other w so that they could remain aloof f their patients.

We have a great respect for hos matrons and would like to hear what one in this case has to say.

## Flown Home

It was announced the other day some American soldiers wounded in fighting in France were flown across Atlantic and within twenty-four hou being knocked out were in hospital *near as possible to their own homes.*

Our own wounded are tended qui enough, but Cockneys are still sen Scotland and Scots to the south. their relatives often can't find the t fare to visit them.

## On the Way

Reduced fares are granted— amount to single fare for the re journey for close relatives—but this been shown to be inadequate.

The War Office knows this all r It has been working on the pro of zoning wounded, and by next we hope to have some better news parents whose sons are a long way home.

## Italian Example

A Scottish farmer hasn't pleased of his neighbours. He's written a l to the Press in which he praises efforts of an Italian prisoner wor for him

You'd have to go a long way b you got a better glimpse of employer's point of view. He prisoner) is working for seventy c ettes a week, but is willing to do for me any hour of any day, whereas countrymen demand overtime, hal on Saturday, and no work on Sunda

# JAPAN'S TURN NEXT

**Germany's defeat is on the way: that of Japan will follow inexorably. Without air and sea power she will be isolated and helpless.**

**by A. G. GARDINER**

THE TIGER OF THE WEST is caged and at his last gasp. He is dying savagely; but he is dying. What of the Tiger of the East? He, too, has to be caged and destroyed, and the recent meeting of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt was chiefly concerned with that task.

When Japan, by the treacherous blow at Pearl Harbour, threw in her lot with Germany, she believed she was backing a certain winner. She knows better to-day, and the death-throes of Germany are felt as acutely in Tokyo as they are in Berlin. For with the fall of Germany, the fall of Japan will "follow as the night the day."

It is this fact which justifies the priority the Allies have given to the war in the West. Victory over Hitler meant victory everywhere. Victory over Tojo meant nothing if it was purchased at the price of defeat by Germany.

Now that the fate of Germany is sealed, the collective might of Britain and America will fall upon Japan. It may well be that the stroke will be still more formidable.

For though Russia has stood aloof from the war with Japan, it is not because she has no interest at stake in the East. She has very great interests there—as great as those of the United States or Britain or Canada.

She is a Pacific Power. Her only warm water port is in the Pacific. It is Japan who hems her in there, and by whom in the past she has suffered bitter defeat there.

The Pacific war is her war as much as our war, or America's, or Canada's, or Australia's. She cannot be indifferent to the result, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that when Hitler is out of the way she will take a hand in it.

She knows that if Germany had won the war in the West, Japan would have driven her out of Asia, and she will certainly claim a share in deciding the future of the Pacific world.

But, leaving Russia out of account, the defeat of Japan is as mathematically certain as that of Germany. Like Germany, she had an intoxicating hour of triumph. Drunk with the sight of power, she swept the Pacific almost from pole to pole.

For six months she was omnipotent. It seemed a nice question whether in the final clash she or Germany would be mistress of the earth.

But the dream has passed. It was dimmed by the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway Island, just as Hitler's was dimmed in the Battle of Britain, and with the dismissal of Tojo after the fall of Saipan, a blanket of defeatism settled over Tokyo. It will never lift.

It is true that the Tiger of the East is not yet visibly caged as the Tiger of the West is. Japan's conquests still litter the Pacific for five or six thousand miles from China to the Timor Sea.

The seaboard of China, Indo-China, Siam, Burma, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, all are still in her hands. Yet her total defeat is hardly less imminent than that of Germany.

For this reason. In the case of Germany we have had to batter our way through thousands of miles of fortified and coterminous territory before reaching the inner den of the beast for the kill.

BUT Japan's possessions are strung out loosely over a vast ocean. Those possessions have not to be recovered in detail. Japan can only hold them by superior sea power and air power that will enable her to keep her communications intact.

The day that her communications are fatally breached her jerry-built empire will collapse. Then Japan will be left, isolated and helpless, to the ravages of a storm the like of which even Germany has not experienced.

That day is near. Already Japan's air arm has been blasted out of the skies.

She has not yet suffered the extinction of her sea power. But that is only because she has not dared to expose her Grand Fleet to destruction. She has kept it in hiding, fleeing at the first approach of challenge.

Had she thrown it into the struggle after Pearl Harbour, before America had had time to recover from the shock, and while we were reeling from the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, the course of the war would have been changed.

But she delayed and missed her chance. Now she is faced with the stupendous growth of the American Navy, and with the arrival in the Indian Ocean of a mighty British fleet, now released from European waters.

EVERY day the scales are weighted more heavily against Japan. The destruction of her shipping—always from the air—has been enormous and irreplaceable.

The air-sea power of America and Australia has surged over one group of islands after another. The inner line of defences has been breached and air bases have been captured, bringing us thousands of miles nearer Japan.

Huge American 'planes, carrying vast bomb loads for incredible distances, have brought the whole Japanese empire, from Manchuria to the Southern Seas, under attack.

Three great armies—in Burma, the Marianas and New Guinea—are poised for the general assault that will sever the life-line of Japan's communications.

Add to all this the growing despair in an army, hungry, ill-supplied, unprotected in the air, add also the political convulsion in Japan that has brought Tojo down, and the end of the Tiger in the East is not difficult to forecast.

Four things will speed it up. A decision in the West will shake Tokyo to its foundations. A hint that Russia will move will complete the circle of doom. A landing on the Chinese mainland and the occupation of the Philippines will cut the Japanese jugular.

And the defeat of the Japanese Grand Fleet, which must soon be brought to battle, will end the war. For though Germany can live without a navy, Japan cannot. She lives by the sea, and by the sea she will die.

A. G. G.—an impression by George Whitelaw

# Rates Chaos Threatens Progress

**by DAVID J. MURPHY**

SURPRISINGLY LITTLE attention has been paid to the rates problem which must be solved if enough money is to be found for essential reforms after the war.

The lowest rated town in Britain to-day is Hove, whose citizens pay 7s. 10d. in the £. The highest rated town is Merthyr Tydfil, with 29s. in the £.

Now consider what will happen in these two towns when the new Education Bill comes into force. It will put an additional £40,000,000 on local rates, or an average of 2s. 6d. in the £. Another 2s. 6d. in the £ will be needed for health services, housing, and the like.

Thus, Hove's rates will go up to 12s. 10d.—which Hove's citizens could possibly pay without much difficulty. But how are the people of Merthyr Tydfil to find a total of 34s. in the £, especially when they can point out that even to-day they are paying more rates *for education alone* than the total rate demands made on the people of Hove, of Bournemouth, of Southport, and of other towns?

And rating is really a vicious circle. When a town's rates are low the rents fall accordingly, the people of the town can afford more money for improvements, and new industries are attracted.

But where rates are high, rents are high; industry moves from the district to escape the crippling demands of the rate collector; and no improvement schemes can be contemplated—unless the Government foots the bill—because the ratepayers haven't the money.

Who, then, would argue that the same opportunities for a healthy, contented life exist in Hove and Merthyr? And who can talk airily about the better Britain after the war if such crippling financial inequalities are allowed to continue?

JARROW was formerly the worst hit and most distressed town in the country. Its rates were 22s. in the £; unemployment was rampant; its future seemed almost hopeless. But with the war's demand for ships and engineering products, Jarrow's rates have gone down 3s. in the £.

Wallasey, in 1939, paid rates of 11s. 6d. in the £. It was a thriving seaside resort, a holiday Mecca for Lancashire's industrious millions. But the war first put up a barrier against holidays and then the German air force arrived to try to knock Liverpool—and Wallasey—out of the fight.

Wallasey's rates soared to 24s. 1d. in the £, and, as Wallasey could not pay, the Government had to step in with a special rating relief of 10s. 7d. in the £ to keep the rates down to 13s. 6d.

How can Wallasey—or, for that matter, Jarrow—pay their share of new Education Bills and the like while the more fortunate Hoves and Southports are thriving?

Our system of local government was described by Goschen, the famous banker and economist, nearly sixty years ago, as "a chaos of areas, a chaos of franchises, a chaos of authorities, and a chaos of rates."

That description is almost an understatement of the conditions to-day after five years of war—five years of evacuated and transferred populations, of air raids and A.R.P. costs, of crippling income tax, and of scores of other factors that have played havoc with local finances and economics.

And it is on this crazy foundation that we propose to build the better Britain of to-morrow.

Surely it is not impossible to devise a system whereby the same fixed rate would be levied throughout the country, so that the prosperous and more fortunate boroughs and councils should help those that are not so well situated?

# OPEN LETTERS

## Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, M.P.,

### Minister Without Portfolio

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Some people are tipping you as the first Minister of Social Insurance, the man who will be father and mother to us all when we get down to our peace time tasks.

You did a fine job of work in co-ordinating and preparing the Government Security For All plan. And you are doing other valuable work behind the scenes in tackling reconstruction problems of every kind.

But whoever gets the post as Minister of Social Insurance will find that personal drive and enterprise alone will not command success.

He will still be dependent, for the triumph of the scheme, on the united effort of the whole nation—workers, employers, tradesmen, and professional men.

Unless there is unselfish co-operation, and unless all realise that they must pull their full weight in keeping Britain prosperous and economically sound, the plan will fail.

Social insurance is the greatest experiment of its kind in our history. Before the testing time begins the nation must be made fully conscious of its obligations. And that must be the newly appointed Minister's foremost task.—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. PERCY THOMAS,

### President, Royal Institute of British Architects

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—Everybody is plan-conscious to-day. There is a spate of plans—for housing, industry, and the rebuilding and development of our towns and cities. And I feel that unless we do something to control and co-ordinate both plans and planners we'll all land in a most unholy muddle.

Because of that danger I welcome the findings and recommendations of your Institute's committee, which has examined the Government White Paper on the Control of Land Use, and the Town and Country Planning Bill, and the Housing (Temporary Accommodation) Bill now before Parliament.

The committee, in its findings, urges that the several and distinct powers sought in the Bills must be related to a co-ordinated national policy, only to be secured by the preparation of a graphic plan.

This plan, recommended to Parliament, would, if adopted, enable local planning authorities to foresee the development needs over a term of years, and would permit them to prepare their schemes with a sense of security and continuity.

Your lead to simplify what is developing into a confused, and confusing, situation is timely. It might be followed by other responsible bodies who have the future needs of the country at heart.—JOHN BULL.

## Lady ALLEN of HURTWOOD,

### Hurtwood House, Albury, Guildford

DEAR LADY ALLEN,—As chairman of a council that will advise Mr. J. Arthur Rank, the film magnate, on using cinemas to educate youth in the essentials of good citizenship, you will, I know, do all you can to develop to the full the possibilities of the screen.

The film, as an educational factor, has been too long neglected. In the future it should play a great part in guiding the youth of the country; and, so long as the films shown point a moral and remain free of any social or political bias, Mr. Rank's plans should pay big dividends in the future.

Your interest in children is so sincere and whole-hearted that you should have no difficulty in furthering, and improving on, those plans.

These, I hope, are only the start. The films of to-morrow are, or should be, destined to become a formidable factor in the whole of our educational system. And, as such, the adviser of to-day is the moulder of to-morrow.—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. D. M. MATHESON,

### Secretary, The National Trust

DEAR SIR,—The Manifold Valley, that lovely stretch of country in the Peak District, is in danger of being spoiled beyond redemption. If proposals now afoot are carried through, an ugly cement works will mar the lower end of the Valley, while at the other end a reservoir will swallow thirty-one farms.

For many years this noted beauty spot has drawn thousands of visitors from the industrial areas of Lancashire, the West Riding, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire.

For nearly twenty years the suggestion that the Valley should be taken over as a National Park has been supported by local authorities and by societies interested in such matters.

I understand that there are alternatives for the cement works and the reservoir Indeed, but for the war, the Manifold Valley might now have been a National Park, and as such would have been safe from commercial exploitation or industrial despoliation.

The nation needs these beauty spots, especially when they are conveniently near smoke-begrimed and ugly cities. Here is a chance for the National Trust to show its power and its enterprise Save the Manifold Valley for the nation and millions of people will be grateful.—JOHN BULL.

## Lord PORTAL,

### Minister of Works

MY LORD,—It is all right putting up thirteen demonstration houses at Northolt, Middlesex, and inviting local authorities to inspect them. A good idea as far as it goes. But it doesn't go far enough.

Why not similar exhibitions up and down the country at, say, Manchester, Liverpool, Plymouth, Coventry, Portsmouth, Southampton, and other centres which felt the weight of the blitz four years ago?

Give the people a chance to look at the products of your experts. Let them criticise and examine at their leisure. After all, they are going to live in them.

Another suggestion. We've had a flood of pamphlets on Civil Defence, the Army, the Navy, the R.A.F., the Anti-aircraft Defences, and other phases of the war. Why not a cheap official pamphlet setting out in simple manner a review of the housing problem—what has been done, what remains to be done, future plans, etc.?

The nation would welcome such a booklet, and its publication would let the people know just what is happening.—JOHN BULL.

## Colonel J. D. MILLS, M.P.,

### Ringwood, Hampshire

DEAR SIR,—I could hardly believe my senses when I heard of your decision to make way for a younger man in the next general election.

For you are only sixty-five, an age at which legislators are considered to be in their prime. Indeed, bald-headed men only ten years your junior are regarded as promising youngsters. But, seriously, I think you have given an example that deserves much imitation; there should be more room in the House for some of the young men who have played an important part in this war.—JOHN BULL.

# YOUR GOOD HEALTH

## by DR. GREVILLE PARK

SMOKERS COUGH. So do consumptives! A cough may mean little or a lot; but when a cough has gone on for weeks and doesn't seem to get any better, it is plain foolishness to go on doping it with "lung syrups" instead of finding out the cause of the trouble.

People cough because the nerves of the throat are irritable, and that may arise from all sorts of causes. A rather curious one is wax in the ear—because the nerve to the outer ear happens to have a connection with the coughing nerve.

Indigestion can cause a cough for the same reason. These are called reflex coughs. But most coughs arise from some sort of catarrhal disease.

People with bronchitis or with pneumonia have a lot of phlegm in their bronchial tubes, and they just have to cough in order to get rid of the stuff. This is a very useful cough, and they wouldn't get well without it.

IT ONLY NEEDS STOPPING if it is so continuous that it wears the patient out or stops sleep.

But the sort of dry throat we often have with laryngitis, or if we have been smoking too much, or sitting in stuffy or overheated rooms, causes a perfectly useless cough. It is useless because there is nothing to bring up, and, like scratching, the more you do it the more you want to. This cough needs stopping.

The cough of consumption needs stopping, too, because in that disease every cough puts further strain on the diseased lungs. If a doctor can stop a consumptive from coughing, he is on the way to getting him or her cured.

The simple ways of stopping coughs are by taking things which soothe the throat—liquorice, egg and milk, honey, golden syrup in milk, syrup of tolu—or even by chewing gum, which produces soothing saliva. In more obstinate cases, the doctor gives drugs such as codeine or heroin, which deaden the coughing nerve.

BUT THIS IS THE WRONG LINE of treatment in bronchitis, where one often needs to encourage the cough by making the phlegm looser and easier to bring up. Many drugs do this, but the simplest, and one of the most effective, is ordinary bicarbonate of soda.

Only a doctor can really tell the cause of a cough, which is why it is so important to see a doctor if a cough persists. Other things besides the cough have to be taken into account: feverishness, for instance, or loss of weight.

Take a cough seriously if you are feverish, if you have had it more than three weeks, or if you are losing weight with it. Never delude yourself by assuming it is due to smoking. Personally, I smoke twenty cigarettes a day, and I don't cough at all! If in doubt, let a doctor listen with his stethoscope—and if *he* is in doubt, have your chest X-rayed. Better always to be safe than

**Young people are enthusiastically tackling a number of exacting jobs—from running a British Restaurant single-handed to growing 1,000 pounds of Brussels sprouts in barren land where none had grown before . . . . .**

# YOUTH AND THE LAND

**by HAROLD A. ALBERT**

Helped by Young Farmers' Clubs, boys and girls in their 'teens are bringing new life to the land

I TOOK THE ROAD to Shrewsbury in my search for Britain's youth—and soon struck pluck.

I went into the British Restaurant at Craven Arms and found seventeen-year-old Doris Parry, dainty as Dresden china, running the place single-handed.

She'd prepared the vegetables and laid the tables. She took my money and issued the tokens. She joked with the customers and smilingly served up dinner. Then she began washing-up.

The manageress just had to have a holiday, but fifty schoolchildren still had to have their meals. And—with only one kitchen-hand to help her—young Doris saw things through.

Crosscut any slice of Britain and you'll find just such youngsters, hard-working, happy, almost heroic.

At Wellington, for instance, fair-haired Sheila Burns was running the chief hotel in her mother's absence. She was booking rooms, supervising bedding and stores, controlling the kitchen staff, checking bills—and she's only a youngster.

And the chairman of the Wellington Rural District Council told me of schoolboys who attend the local council meetings, following every point on the agenda, holding mock meetings themselves, learning how to be citizens.

Then I went to Church Stretton. In less than a mile I met five separate youngsters *leading blind men.*

What's the story? Church Stretton is the wartime home of St. Dunstan's. Thousands of Service casualties come here to learn how to live without seeing.

The young folk for miles around have formed themselves into an escort service. Whenever a St. Dunstan's man wants to go out and about, a friendly "seeing eye" is on call.

## Farms in Town

The girls hold dances and act as partners to the blind, a job that needs considerable tact. They get together to amuse the men with concerts. They've caused every home in the district to be flung open wide to the sightless.

And that's not all. I pushed on to the farming lands that lie northward—and had another surprise.

Perhaps a milking-shed is the last place you'd expect to find a new idea. But now meet sixteen-year-old Johnny Greggs and his pals.

They were lads from a Midland factory bench—and they were learning to milk cows.

Now I know why, when I tried to visit several Young Farmers' Club centres, the secretaries wired back: "Sorry—no meetings—too busy harvesting!"

Johnny Greggs a year or two ago lived over a shop in Northampton. He thought Young Farmers' Clubs were for farmers' sons until a chum of his joined a junior section on the strength of a backyard chicken.

## Young Farmers' Ideal

One chicken—but the Y.F.C. ideal is just this . . . "to learn to understand the soil, animals and plants."

Of Britain's 800 Y.F. clubs nearly half are in urban areas.

Johnny's Northampton group took over some ruined farm buildings on the edge of the town. They repaired the stockpens, thatched the roofs and even learned how to layer their own hedges.

Last year, Johnny says proudly, they grew a record food crop of two and a half acres.

I met another boy from one of the densest-packed streets in Birmingham whose group arranged week-end visits to a farm.

He learned to plough with a horse, versed himself in the arts of seed dressing and silage.

Now he wants to leave his noisy factory bench—and live on the land. The Y.F.C.s have more than halted the drift to the towns. First their weekly meetings—with film shows and home craft contests—brought a gust of social life to the outlying village. Now they're introducing fresh, experiment-loving blood to the countryside.

Another of my country contacts, Jack Henson, was an evacuee in 1940 who imagined that milk came in bottles and thought that a backyard was just a place where you kept the coal.

He was put wise by a boy at his billet—one of the youngsters who rear calves for farmers.

The Youth Farm Jack first joined had been started with £10 loaned by local bigwigs. Buying their own stock and equipment, putting up their own farm buildings, the youngsters eventually turned this into a £100 stock of poultry and livestock.

They sold their pigs and rabbits to the Ministry of Food. A local British Restaurant bought their produce.

Jack Henson went back to Kentish Town in London and found a local Y.F.C. farming a piece of land on Hampstead Heath. But all the members were girls, he says.

Yet he couldn't live down the zest for the land. To-day he has a full-time job with a Midland farmer.

For the Y.F.C.s have taken the dullness out of country life. They even hold county and nation-wide sporting contests in such crafts as sheep-shearing and scything, ploughing and cheese-making.

On Jack's advice, I went to a local rally. And events such as "tossing the sheaf" and "packing the binder" made it as great a spectacle as the Braemar Games.

One girl won a prize for the best record-book. She had reared a prize-winning calf on nine gallons of milk. Llandyssul County School gained honourable mention for having raised an onion crop of 7,000 plants.

Anotner group had cleared a derelict field of thistle and ragwort. Farmers wouldn't touch the weed-ridden tract with a cart-shaft. The locals smiled wryly when they learned that the youngsters had lost over half of the 7,000 Brussels sprouts plants they puddled in.

But they weren't beaten. They worked late into the night and filled the gaps in four days. They almost broke their backs weeding and hoeing.

Then when they'd whacked the weeds there came a plague of caterpillars. So they spent hours hand-picking the infested plants. In the end, from this No Man's Land, the boys reaped a harvest of over half a ton.

## Co-operation

I venture to think this romantic. And I venture to think it news that, thanks to the Young Farmers' movement, Jack Henson, Kentish Town boy, will never know unemployment.

The boy who began by holding a milk-bottle for a calf went in for—and won—a seed-sowing contest. He began going to lectures on crop rotation and conservation. First of all, his club adopted a farm—and now a farm has adopted him!

"But I m just learning my job," he says. "One day I'll own a farm. . . ."

"That costs money!" I suggested.

"No," said Jack.

A pal of his got a smallholding through the Land Settlement Association. Over 1,000 people have now done it that way. The L.S.A. is a co-operative scheme that rents land, loans working capital, looks after marketing and even loans machinery to its small tenants from a co-operative pool.

Last year each of its tenants earned £8 per week on an average, while several made over £1,000 in the year.

This, too, is one of the young ideas that is bringing new life to the land. And Jack Henson means to be a £1,000-a-year man!

## Human Machine

### PRESSING THE RIGHT BUTTON

DID YOU EVER KNOW a selfish and self-centred person who was really happy?

You know it's a very interesting thing that just as virtue is its own reward, so vice is nearly always its own retribution. Those who make other people happy are always happy themselves; those who make people around them miserable are nearly always unhappy themselves.

In this particular case it's not very difficult to see why. It may sound tempting to wriggle out of all responsibility, to have no thought beyond yourself, to ask only one question whenever anything happens or looks like happening—"How will this affect me?"—but the results are never satisfactory in the long run.

People who do that gradually find themselves as alone in reality as they wish to be in theory.

For this self-centredness is only a theoretical separation from other people so far as the self-centred one's ideas go; he doesn't want others to treat him as he treats them; oh dear, no! He wants to reserve the right to be selfish to other people while they continue to be thoughtful about him.

But it doesn't work out that way.

How could it? It's a funny old world, but in the main it's a logical one. We get what we give. We get friendship where we give it, and thoughtfulness where others find the same quality in us.

The world's response to us is largely automatic.

We can have what we want from other people by pressing the right button. The only thing is that we must realise we and we alone can press the buttons.

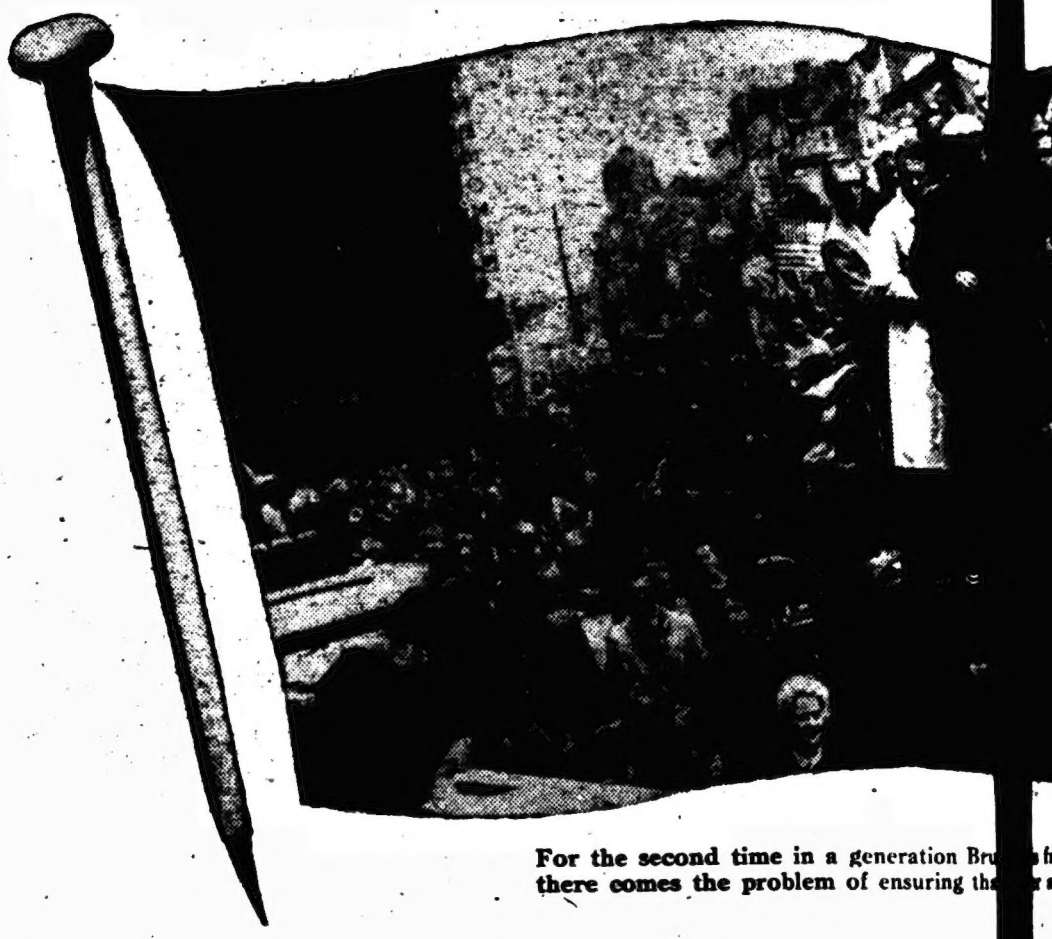
Selfish people shut themselves up in such a small world, such a mean little world, such a false little world.

Sooner or later it's bound to shatter under the impact of reality, and then they find themselves all adrift and bewildered.

"Selfishness," said Zangwill, "is the only real atheism; unselfishness, the only real religion."

Price of Peace.1.

# VICTORY IS NOT ENOUGH



For the second time in a generation Bri... there comes the problem of ensuring tha...

**We undertook this survey, which is based on the researches and main conclusions of the best and most forward-looking minds of to-day, because we believe that, at this critical moment of the world's history, it is of urgent importance to us all to have at our disposal, in an easily readable form, the most accurate, up-to-date information available on the prospects of permanent peace.**

The Editor

THE WAY TO STAMP OUT bubonic plague is not merely to kill the rats which carry it, but to remove the conditions in which they flourish.

Hitler and his Nazis may fairly be called the plague-rats of the world. The victorious nations will exterminate Nazism, and may render the land of its birth incapable of further deeds of violence; but, if war is to vanish for ever, they must do much more than that.

They must remove all underlying causes of war; they must cut out all the roots, even if that means tearing up pretty private gardens.

The Atlantic Charter, the United Nations' Declaration of January 1, 1942, the Declarations of Moscow, Cairo and Teheran, President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms—all these have promised a new world system and a new world law; while conferences like those of Hot Springs, Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks have already begun to suggest detailed plans to support the grand conception.

Nevertheless, "pockets of reluctance" are discernible in all countries. Old habits of thought die hard; daring change is always unwelcome to the world's comfortable people.

In the democratic lands, then, it is necessary that every voter should clearly understand the implications of peace, and be ever vigilant to protest if Government performance falls short of promise.

Basically, it is not really a complex problem.

Within each "civilised" nation, murder and the threat of murder have long been firmly and successfully discouraged as ways of settling quarrels between individuals or groups. What the victorious nations have to do to end mass murder, therefore, is not so much to conjure up an entirely new way of living as to extend a system of order already in existence.

Look at it in this way. Human society became possible only when groups of men abandoned, or were forced to abandon, the ways of the jungle. Outlawing violence, they submitted to general rules of conduct. Each, in fact, gave up the freedom to impose by force his will upon his neighbour.

Power rested with a central authority. The united strength of the tribe could be directed by that authority against any who still insisted on their right to settle domestic differences with club or spear.

There continued to be unrestricted violence *between* tribes. Cain's curse was still potent. But as the slow centuries unrolled, tribes joined together, threw away their jealous clannishness and their sovereign right to kill one another.

When the nations, multiplying, pressed against one another, however, there was no wider rule of law to override national interests. Also, war—mass-murder—was still paying dividends to the successful.

BUT, AS WE ALL KNOW TOO WELL, war became all-embracing and infinitely terrible. It is almost a certainty that one more outbreak of mass murder will wreck civilisation as we know it.

It is, in fact, if this perspective of the matter is true, a race between the next war and the establishment of a world rule of law.

Under that rule, any nation seeking to exert its "sovereign" rights to settle disputes by force would be checked by the combined power of all the others.

And that power, if the successful precedents of man's progress are followed, must be vested in some kind of central authority which all must obey.

That implies a democratically appointed authority, deriving power from below. It means logically a World Parliament making World Laws for the good of all. It means a World Police Force to enforce those laws.

The United Nations experts who have been trying at Dumbarton Oaks to plan such development are up against that outmoded pride which nations have been taught to take in their sovereign rights.

Men who would certainly not, as individuals, claim the right to murder will still insist that, in national groups, they must keep the right to commit mass-murder.

IMAGINE THE TOWN COUNCIL of, say, Guildford, sending to neighbouring Dorking a war ultimatum over some boundary dispute. Fantastic? Yet there is no fundamental difference between that absurdity and the governments of larger groups resorting to mass-murder.

The fact is that on the subject of nationalism and patriotism our minds are made up by centuries of inherited teaching.

The bias of that propaganda has been that there is something mystically sacred about one's own nation, and that it is blasphemous to doubt its right to supremacy over the earth.

Largely, the original aim was to unite a nation against possible outside foes, and that purpose was achieved. Now that our grander aim is to unite the world against war, however, nationalistic creeds stand in the way.

Fostered by many selfish and short-sighted interests, they stood in the way of the old League of Nations.

We must stop singing "Deutschland über Alles" and "Rule, Britannia." They are little more sensible to-day than it would be to sing, "Manchester, still wider shall thy bounds be set!" or "My home town, right or wrong!"

Such beliefs were made for a world of wars. For a warless world, for a world in which

freed from the invader. But when the cheering has died again shall any nation impose its will on others by force

the States are interdependent, we larger patriotism which (for the real "Fatherland" or "Motherland," ld) is prepared to renounce some to world law.

kind of world authority shall they ?

be an authority that will frame based on the Atlantic Charter and reedoms. Without that basis, which es will study in greater detail, the would be different only in degree 's dream of world empire.

If we truly believe in democracy, we World Parliament in which every eople is represented according to its and where every vote is equal in Supreme Council.

under it, and interpreting the laws ould be a World Court for the settle- disputes between national groups; rld Police Force to enforce the laws.

ely—and the sooner the better—rmies, as we know them, would have nded, just as the private armies of ppeared when tribal groups were nations.

not mean that we shall be defence- t predatory powers. Does to-day's feel defenceless because, instead of sword like his forefathers, he is now by the Metropolitan Police Force?

THEN, the logical climax of human- slow climb towards the abolition violence and the rule of reason. asons already indicated, the Dum- s experts seem to favour a gradual rather than a quick march to-

e influenced by the fact that, for to come, any world authority must last resort, on the armed forces of ussia, America, China, and perhaps herefore, they say, these Powers will insist on forming the first "World among themselves.

eme, of course, presupposes not only dence of the Great Powers, but the ty of war between any of them.

though, the World Parliament of the United and Associated Nations will probably have a Supreme Council dominated by the Great Powers, who will continue to maintain armies, navies and air forces to keep the peace in their own quarters of the earth.

It all sounds a little like electing only heavy-weight boxers to the British Government. It does not entirely preclude the possibility of cynical exploitation of the sort that sabotaged the old League of Nations. Nevertheless, it is a beginning.

Probably, under this proposal, the air forces would have most of the police work. They can strike swiftly, and swiftness is everything.

For that reason, H. G. Wells and many others advocate a World Air Control immediately the war ends, irrespective of any other arrangements that may be projected.

Here, as with other plans, the basic and inescapable principle is still the one with which this article is chiefly concerned—the central truth that war between nations cannot be made impossible unless all nations give up to an overriding, impartial world organisation their right to use war or the threat of war as a means of imposing their will upon others.

Could we, even then, depend on the benevolence of the supreme authority? Might not the world find that it had put into the hands of a few men, whom power turned into slave-masters, the only weapons it could use to maintain its just freedoms?

There is the same possibility of that as there is of selfish groups coming to power in the government of Britain. And the democratic methods which are open for the prevention of misrule in Britain can be made available for the world.

It is largely, you see, in the hands of the Common Man—and it is safe in his hands if he will only throw away inherited prejudices, discover for himself the Truth about War, and work and vote, in his millions, accordingly.

**Next Week:**

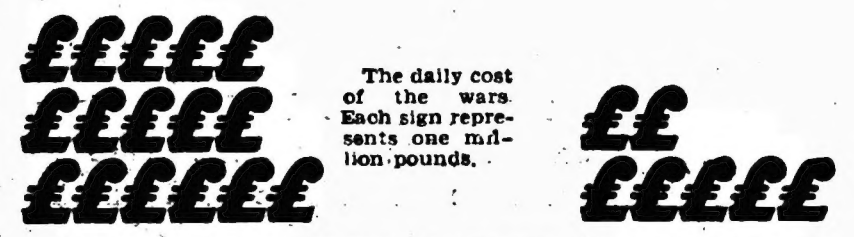
**DANGER OF HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS**

# The Cost of War

## THIS WAR — LAST WAR

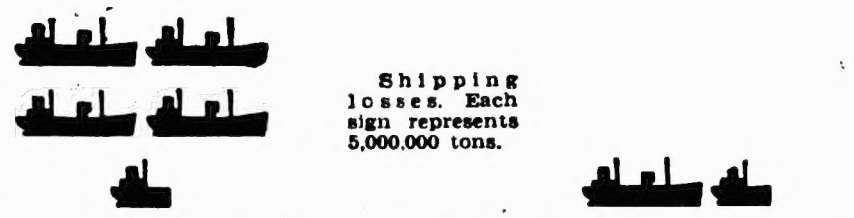
Casualties. Top: Killed. Below: Wounded. Each sign represents 100,000 men.

In this war, among all Allied Nations, except Russia, for which accurate figures are not available, there have been 1,114,000 casualties. Even before D-Day 343,000 were killed, 571,000 wounded or missing. In the last war, among the Allied Nations the total was 17,152,000 casualties —9,255,000 killed, 7,897,000 wounded.



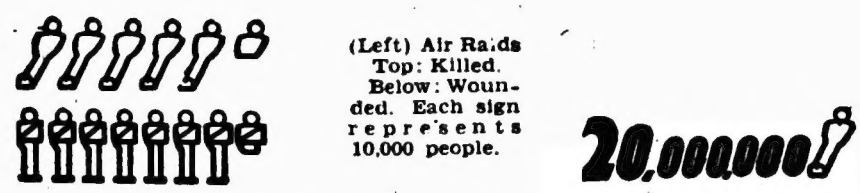
The daily cost of the wars. Each sign represents one million pounds.

Up to now the war has cost the staggering figure of 23,672 million pounds, and we are adding to it at the rate of 16 million pounds a day. The last war cost 11,076 million pounds, and in November, 1917, was costing seven million a day. The cost of killing one enemy soldier in this war works out at approximately £12,500; in the last war it was £5,250.



Shipping losses. Each sign represents 5,000,000 tons.

In this war the estimated total losses of Allied shipping to the end of 1943 reached 22 million tons. The total for the whole of the last war was just under eight million tons.



(Left) Air Raids Top: Killed. Below: Wounded. Each sign represents 10,000 people.

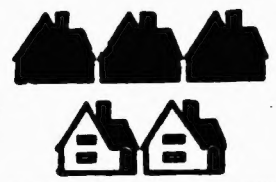
In this war there have been 131,000 civilian casualties in the United Kingdom as a result of air-raids—56,000 killed, 75,000 injured. In the last war air-raids were negligible, but during and after the struggle no less than 20 million people died of famine or epidemics.

Each sign represents over 5,000,000 people.

Not a family is left untouched by the war effort—20,700,000 people have registered under the National Service and Registration for Employment Orders.

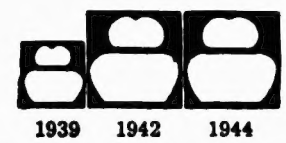
1938 1942 1944

Direct and indirect taxes averaged an annual £25 per head in 1937-38. Now they have reached £60 per head.



Each sign represents over 500,000 houses.

In the air-raids of 1940-41 a total of 1,700,000 houses were damaged. In the last few months a further 1,127,000 have been damaged by flying bombs, making a total of nearly three million.



1939 1942 1944

The cost of living has risen by 40 per cent. since 1939. This figure, however, relates only to necessities. It is estimated to have risen by nearly 100 per cent. if luxuries, smoking and drinking are included.

JOHN BULL short story

# He Said *No!*

**He spent forty years working till seven each night; he earned three pounds a week and all he said was "Yes, sir," until one day it happened . . .**

**by WILL SCOTT**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

He looked the boss straight in the eye and said "No!"

WAS HE FED UP?

For forty years he never called his soul his own. He worked till close on seven every night. He went down to Seaweed Bay once a year for a week. He had to nod and rub his hands and bow and scrape and say "Yes, sir—yes, sir—yes, sir."

And all for three pounds a week.

Was he fed up?

It's all very well having castles in the air but when you never live in them they begin to weary the eyes.

Once he had had lots of grand plans for being his own boss, running his own business, ordering his own life. But he had given them up years and years ago. He was you'd have said, finished.

And he'd have said it himself.

But then, all of a sudden one morning, it happened. Nobody knows how or why it happened. It might have been a touch of liver or a speck of dirt in his eye. He himself has long since forgotten—if he ever knew.

After forty years of "Yes, sir—yes, sir—yes, sir," he suddenly said "No!"

No!!! *He* did!

The boss said, in that nasty way he always had, "Hey, you! Do something or other."

And the devil seemed to come awake in him all at once. He looked the boss straight in the eye and said "No!"

You've never seen such a stir. The office ceiling seemed to come down. The office walls seemed to cave in. It was like an earthquake. The whole staff went pale and gasped. Except the boss, who went red and shouted:

"What did you say?"

"I said No!"

"*No?*"

"You heard!"

AND HE CLENCHED HIS FIST and thumped the desk and overturned an inkwell.

The boss came to a purple point and exploded:

"Come and get your money!"

"Suits me."

"You've finished!"

"I was a damn fool ever to have started!"

It was lovely. There was a *feeling* all over him. It was like being drunk on distilled platinum. Clerks who had often trodden on his toes stood back out of his way as he passed down the office for the last time. The chap in uniform at the door pretty nearly bowed.

He stood in the sunshine outside the office and pulled himself up. His chin seemed to come out. His chest seemed to rise. Heaven knew what was ahead of him, but for the first time in his life he felt free.

No more rubbing his nose in the dust, whatever happened. He was a living person. He was no longer something at a desk with a pen in its hand.

He called a taxi and barked the name of a station and told the driver to be quick about it. And the driver touched his cap and opened the door for him and beat all records for him getting to that station.

He travelled first class to some place fifty miles away and kept porters in their place and bullied the guard. It was absolutely wonderful.

He stayed for one night at a swell hotel. The next morning, at the time he should have been getting up to go to the office, he laughed aloud and turned over and went to sleep again.

The swell hotel made a hole in his money, but it was worth it for one night. He had an enormous breakfast and set out with his face to the sun. He wandered anywhere. He took his time. He could hardly stop laughing. No more offices for him. No more bosses. Somehow . . .

Freedom.

He came, in the evening, to the Pull Up. It wasn't much of a place. It was built of wood and had got itself back from the road under a tree for a bit of cool. It wasn't like the swell hotel. But it was as far as he meant to walk that night.

The Pull Up was run by a grey individual named Sopper, who seemed in grave doubt about everything. Sausage-rolls were all he could do, so the rebel had six.

"I want a room for the night," he said.

"This is a Pull Up, not a Put Up," said Sopper, who made one joke a year and had just worked round to the anniversary.

The rebel lowered his eyebrows and fixed his eyes and clenched his fists one over the other on the table.

"I want a room for the night."

Sopper didn't know what to do. He'd never met a situation like this before.

"Well . . ." he said.

The other one didn't say a word. He was now getting used to the strong man business. He liked the way it worked so easily. He wished he had tried it years and years before. Sopper, who had never tried it at all, scratched the back of his head.

"Well, all right," he said, thinking it would make for peace if he agreed.

And that's how it began at the Pull Up. But how, having started, it went on!

The rebel had sausage-rolls for breakfast and sausage-rolls for lunch. Then he began to go off the deep end. Sopper said that he never did any catering. It was only a little Pull Up. It wasn't a holiday camp. What did you expect?

He didn't say any more for quite a time. He listened. When the one-sided row was over he left the rebel in charge of the Pull Up and went out and got something decent for supper.

"I didn't know you'd be staying the day," he said.

And presently he said:

"You won't be staying a second night?"

After all those years of the boss, back at the office, the rebel found Sopper an easy mark.

"I don't know how long I'll be staying," he said.

"Oh!" said Sopper.

At the end of the week Sopper made out his bill. The rebel could just do it and he paid up. At the end of the second week he owned up that he hadn't a bean in the world.

"What am *I* going to do?" asked Sopper.

"Well," said the rebel, "what *are* you going to do?"

"You'll have to go," said Sopper.

"Going to try to put me out?" asked the rebel.

POOR SOPPER was thoroughly miserable. He had never thought much of life, anyhow. And he had always loathed the Pull Up. At this moment he could have burned it to the ground with the other chap in it.

"You try putting me out," said the rebel, who was now used to playing the part and loved it, "you try putting me out and I'll bash your lights in!" (He had never bashed anyone's lights in and never would, but he had once heard that delicious expression on the movies, and it had worked then and it worked now.)

"You'll have to do something," said Sopper.

"Such as what?"

"Such as scrub the place out and serve the sausage-rolls," said Sopper, getting a quick idea.

"Listen," said the rebel, slapping the table, "are you trying to be funny?"

"No," said the unhappy Sopper.

"I'll sit at the desk and take the money—until I get tired of it," said the rebel. "*You* can scrub the place out and serve the sausage-rolls. Or—have your lights bashed in."

"Yes, all right," said Sopper, who wondered what chance there was that this awful man would get run over or struck by lightning within the next twenty-four hours.

And so for a week or two they went on like that. The rebel sat at the desk and Sopper did the work, and people who stopped on the way for a sausage-roll and a cup of tea got the idea that the man at the desk was the big noise and that Sopper was a kind of underpaid staff. Sopper looked like that.

But after the week or two there was a change. The rebel found sitting at the desk a trifle monotonous. He took a chair out under the tree and sat and watched the sunshine move slowly across the road. The business he left entirely to Sopper and Sopper grew thinner. The rebel was always grumbling about the food and things, which didn't make matters any happier.

One day Sopper screwed up courage to say to him:

"When are you going?"

"I'm not going?"

"What, never?"

"Never!"

And Sopper went indoors and wished they had the gas laid on so that he could put his head in the gas-oven.

That night Sopper did not undress. He sat on the edge of the bed, thinking things out. This nonsense had got to stop. He'd got to put his foot down. So he lit a pipe and went out in front of the Pull Up and stood under the stars and thought out a speech. A real snorter of a speech.

Strong man stuff.

It was a lovely speech, but he knew that of all the men in the world likely to make it he was the very last.

A lorry stopped in front of him and the driver asked the way to London. Sopper told him.

"Like to give me a lift?" he said.

"London?" said the driver.

"London," said Sopper, digging up a lovely old dream of going to sea in a tramp steamer.

"Jump up," said the driver.

Sopper jumped up.

As he looked back at the black mass of the Pull Up, sitting there under the starlight, he felt his heart give a sudden lift. He felt like a man let out of prison.

"Never could stick the lousy place, anyway," he muttered.

"Wotcher say, mate?" asked the driver.

"Just thinking," said Sopper.

And that's how the rebel found himself in full possession of a business.

You'll find him there to-day. His own boss, running his own affairs.

Sopper's name has gone from over the battered door. His own is in its place.

He runs the place single-handed, because he has never been able to find anybody who is fool enough to go out there and take on some of the job.

He works all day and up to close on midnight each night.

HE NEVER HAS A MINUTE to himself and he hasn't seen Seaweed Bay for seven years. He takes a good bit in the summer-time, but not so much in the winter. It works out at about three pounds a week. He'd like to clear out, but he hasn't the money, and he isn't getting any younger.

If you call at the Pull Up one day and ask for a cup of tea and a sausage-roll, he'll do his stuff, as they always have to do in Pull Ups.

He'll nod and rub his hands. He'll bow and scrape.

He'll say "Yes, sir."

Is he fed up?

**These Books Make News**

# Building a Snow House Every Night

**by VINCENT BROME**

"IF YOU WISH, join me at Cape Dorset this summer for two years I shall be pleased think ll fools rush in charge expenses me with the Hudson's Bay Com- any extra clothes etc unnecessary shall not be able to receive a ply. . . ."

That cable came out of the frozen stes of the Arctic to a very comfort- le house in Montreal. It started one the most remarkable voyages of ex- ration ever carried out by a white man.

The cable was sent by Tom Manning, man who had astonished the Eskimos his feats of lone travelling. The le was received by a woman accus- med to beautiful clothes and very ilised ways. Yet she sailed at once.

Shipping officials were taken aback. . . . Do you really think you can travel ith him as he does?" The answer me back firmly—"Yes."

## Lone Voyage

She arrived at Cape Dorset at 9.30 a.m. July 24, and married the man who nt the cable, aboard the *Nascopie*. It s dusk when they rowed away to homas Manning's little boat, the *Pole- t*. Mrs. Manning took a farewell nce at the bright lights of the *scopie* and thought how imposing she oked—beside the *Polecat*.

Then the tiny engine started, and the *olecat* headed away towards the mys- ries of Baffin Island. Very soon she as aware of the cold as she had never fore been aware. . . .

"It wasn't the cold of winter that eezes, but the chill penetrating cold t creeps into the marrow of one's nes and settles about one's stomach d robs one's blood of warmth. There as no place where we could go to get arm, and no time to go if there had en. . . ."

They had to shoot caribou and prepare e skins for their winter clothing. Mrs. Manning even tried the Eskimo method of softening these skins—chewing them over and over again.

She knew very well now what she was up against—"hour after hour the engine went on, monotonously beating out a tune that was impossible to escape. . . . Ripples of steely grey stretched out behind; everything was shrouded in mist and it seemed to be only part of a dream."

It wasn't a matter of weeks or even months. This lone voyage in a cockle-shell of a boat went on for two years. They came to refer to the world beyond as . . . "Outside . . ." For they made their way through land and water which had never seen a white man before—certainly not a white woman.

Sometimes, in the dawn, with the mist and the snow, it looked totally unreal, but there was beauty in the unreality. There were also malevolent forces which tried, on every possible occasion, to overwhelm them.

A gale blew up one afternoon. Giant waves took hold of the frail *Polecat* and hurled it along. They had their canoe in tow and each fresh wave threatened to crash it down on their heads. Thomas was forward watching for rocks, his wife had the rudder.

Suddenly, a monster wave picked up the canoe and crashed it down on the rudder. Mrs. Manning screamed and her husband dashed back. But the rudder had gone. Seizing the gaff, Thomas thrust it into his wife's hand and hurried forward again.

Up and around the boat whirled dizzily. The dogs on board were terrified and threatened to upset what remained of the balance of the boat.

Steering by the improvised rudder, they edged shorewards. Then something touched bottom. Each wave after that lifted the *Polecat* high and flung her down again with a thud that made her shiver. It was dawn when the vessel finally bumped to a standstill. That night Mrs. Manning lost her voice.

There followed many hazardous months travelling by sledge in country where it was so cold they had to stop each night and build a fresh snow house—Igloo for the Night. Tired and famished after great treks across ice-bound wastes, they stopped every evening, and when they stopped the cold closed in on them, and before they could pause to eat they had to build to keep out the cold. Every night a new igloo, every night two and a half hours' of hard building with icy blocks of snow.

Each finished igloo was circular and measured roughly nine feet in diameter, with just sufficient headway to stand up. In this tiny snow house they slept, cooked and ate.

"This building at night when one is cold and tired and so hungry that one's stomach feels chill is the hardship of travelling. . . . I longed to walk into a warm house and sit down to a steaming hot supper."

## Endurance

But there was only bannock and pemmican, and in the early morning the snow house was left to its fate and the great trek began again.

Once they had built for the usual two hours and were settled inside, when Manning looked at the snow wall and said, "Looks rather thin." He touched it with his finger. Instantly there was a hole as big as a hand and a blizzard of snow came pouring in.

Thomas dashed out and found he could hardly stand in the terrific gale. He shouted some instructions, which were nearly lost in the wind, and began rebuilding. It was the biggest gale Manning had ever known in the North. In the end they turned the sledge on its side to protect the wall, and at last they were able to settle down for the night.

## It Sounds Simple

All this time they were mapping completely uncharted country, collecting rare specimens and invaluable scientific data. It wasn't a short, sharp encounter with the North, with some dazzling prize like the Pole at the end. It was a giant test of endurance, courage and patience.

The day they finally decided to return to the Outside was a tremendous moment in Mrs. Manning's life. They arrived at the Hudson's Bay post in pitch darkness and found that their fame had already gone before them. The Eskimos were filled with the news of their arrival. They had never heard of a white man travelling alone before. They were completely dumbfounded when they heard that a white woman had survived the trip, too.

Then the somebody suddenly told Mr. and Mrs. Manning that there was a war on!

In her very absorbing book, *Igloo for the Night*, published recently by Hodder and Stoughton, Mrs. Manning records the story of their expedition in a deceptively quiet way. She makes it all sound very simple.

Part of the expedition took place while Europe was plunged in the maelstrom of war. It is one of the big stories of travel which have been overshadowed by the war. Perhaps it will get due recognition with the peace.

**The adventure was a giant test of endurance**

**"They seem to be sending back jolly rude answers, don't they?"**

## Wisdom

TREASON doth never prosper: what's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.—JOHN HARINGTON.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.—BOOK OF PROVERBS.

Nothing is more charming than a charmingly dressed woman. A typist's cheap cotton frock may have more real elegance and charm than a countess's gown.—MR. JUSTICE MCCARDIE.

After all the carving and the chiselling let the object be to return to simplicity.—CHUANG TZU.

Politeness is like an air cushion; there's nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully.—ANON.

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.—THOMAS MOORE.

There is nothing in which people betray their character so much as in what they find to laugh at.—GOETHE.

Advance or decadence are the only choices offered to mankind. The pure conservative is fighting against the essence of the universe.—PROFESSOR A. N. WHITEHEAD.

**Old Bill: "Where do yer want it put, Sergeant?"**

Free Speech

# NO CHILDREN FOR SERVICE WIVES?

**Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform. One Guinea will be paid for the best letters or extracts published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Keep your letters short**

MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN in the Army for three years, we have been married for five. And we want children. I would not have a baby while London was being heavily bombed. Now my husband is in the Far East. I am over thirty and my chances of producing a family are growing less. "Japanese campaign pay" is not much consolation. Surely the danger of condemning women to life-long frustration should have been considered more in the Government's demobilisation scheme.—I. R., Brondesbury.

### He Also Served

My husband died because he wore himself out in munition work. As a widow, I now get a State allowance of 10s. a week and 5s. for my eight-year-old son. A neighbour, with a boy of seven, lost her husband at Dunkirk. From the Government she receives 32s. 6d. a week and 11s. for her son. I do not grudge her a penny, but did not my husband, too, die for his country?—Mrs MUIR, McLellan Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow.

### Food and Drink

The milk target is 300,000,000 gallons and it looked as if we might reach it. But there's a very great need now of concentrated dairy foods for cattle, if we, on the land, are to cater for the country's increased milk consumption. No matter how hard we work we cannot beat the weather.

Could not some of the oil foods, reported to have been used for fuel in North Africa, have come our way?—G. J. S., Welshpool.

### The Old Country

I have been away three years and have seen a bit of the world, but the Old Country is good enough for me. I want to feel the soft rain of England, the gentle sunshine, and the bracing winds sweeping in from the sea. I want to see the green grass, the winding lanes and the tall elms elbowing the clouds beyond the hill.

. . And I want to see British girls again and hear them talk and laugh. Believe me, they have something that most other girls in the world haven't got.

From all of which you will gather that at the time of writing, I am just a little homesick. This mood will pass, but most of the boys feel that they have been away from home long enough.—L.A.C. E. J. RICHARDS, R.A.F., India, in a letter to a friend.

### Prices in Malta

Seaman D. L. Wray, in a letter of protest about conditions in Malta, said a bar of chocolate marked 3d on the wrapper cost 4½d. in the N.A.A.F.I. canteen. May I point out that in all duty-free places in the Mediterranean, N.A.A.F.I.'s price for this chocolate is 3d. a bar, but in Malta chocolate is subject to Customs duty? All troops are granted a Colonial allowance to offset increased prices.—CLAUDE F. LUKE, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey.

### Merrie England

Thousands of young men now in uniform hope to join the "back to the land" movement after the war. "Arty-crafty" books on Merrie England make it all sound beautifully easy. Would-be farmers should listen to the grand advice of Mr. George Henderson, writing in the *Countryman*.

Get as much experience of all sorts of farm work as possible, he says. Then, in four years' hard work, with no leisure and no chance to spend, you can save a little over £600, which is enough to take a small farm with reasonable chance of success. Backed by the experience of working longer and harder than the ordinary labourer, another five years should see you well-established. And another five enable you to buy the farm or take a larger place.

Fourteen years of slaving and worry. Not a very attractive prospect, but it's the best way to tackle what will always be a fine career.—WALLACE ARTER, Gorewell, Chilham, Kent.

### Scene of the Crime

Some of your readers must be waiters. Do any of them know why they always present the bill face down or folded in half? In pre-war days it could only have been super-sensitiveness, a desire to put off as long as possible the only thing that could mar a good meal.

Nowadays, it may be to give waiters a few precious seconds to get away from the scene of the crime. In any case, the habit is a great nuisance to wives and lady companions who have to stretch and crane their necks to see how much has been spent on them.—JANE WILLS, Lincoln.

### Travelling Safe

I've just come across a true tale that's worth telling (though it's two years old) because it shows the War Office at its best—painstaking and cautious to a degree.

Whenever confidential documents had to be taken from one department to another it was a rule that they should be put in a special folder marked "Secret." With the shortage of paper, folders became scarce and a new rule came into force. If you had to take a document across the corridor it had to be inscribed "Secret—deemed to be in file."—A. W., Hallam Street, London.

### All They Surveyed

I was very interested in your article "Four Million Pounds Disappear." Last year I had professionally to inquire into the work of some Government contractors. It was obvious that they, the sub-contractors, haulage men, and the quantity surveyors (or their assistants) were all working together to make the cost as high as possible. The haulage contractors were having a particularly good time.—"QUANTITY SURVEYOR."

### Unfair Picture

The war correspondents who have written accounts of plentiful food in the liberated towns of France, Belgium and Holland are doing their job badly. Of course, anyone who had 400 francs to spend on a meal could be well fed in Paris throughout the Nazi occupation. But 400 francs represented a workingman's wages for a month. It wouldn't be difficult to find a place in London where you could feed fairly well at £5 or £10 a time.—REFUGEE, Palmers Green, London, N.13.

### Marriage Grants

I object to much that the Roman Catholics stand for, but I must say Dr. Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, is right when he defends special grants for young people contemplating marriage. And he's also right when he opposes the continuance of the principle of Day Nurseries. Children are the responsibility of the family, not of the State.—MRS. A. M. HOLLINS, Birmingham.

### Pity the Publishers

Book publishers get 22,000 tons paper a year—but a fraction of w they need to satisfy the public dem The Stationery Office, which publis all Government books and leaflets, 100,000 tons of paper last year.

Half these inspired "works" wo remain unread if they were not boo on the wireless. What a lovely mono is growing up.—"BOOKMAN," Cha Cross Road, London, W.C.

### Justified Niggling

Someone left JOHN BULL in my way carriage the other day, and I pic it up for the first time in my life. W a carping, niggling rag you turn Can't you see good in anything? do you think we've got to the poin winning the war if all the Governm Departments are as stupid as you m out?—E. P. MACDONALD, M.A., Edinbu

### John Bull Reader

Scarcely a week goes by without printing a paragraph in your "Stra from the Shoulder" feature which I find a parallel for in my own exp ence. And I've been reading your p regularly for the last twenty-seven y —J. SIMMONDS (evacuated to Edinbu

### Letter Rate

Its all very well saying: "Writ JOHN BULL about it," but do you re that I am now writing on a piec paper measuring 7½ in. by 5 in. and a newsagent charged me 1s. 8d. fo pad containing thirty sheets of size?—Mrs. R. SPENCER, Port Ta Glamorgan.

### Brains Plus Memory

Have the scientists ever decided w is the most intelligent animal? myself consider a Welsh sheepdog not be beaten, but I have hear seriously suggested that eleph would come very high on the list.— FEWTRELL, Elgin Avenue, Maida London, W.9.

### Example from the North

Manchester "lit up" while the Lo authorities were explaining how it impossible to give more street li Manchester has allowed the wounded free 'bus travel. Manch has given free cinema and theatre mission to the men in hospital Isn't there some phrase about Manchester does to-day . . .? — ECCLES, Keighley, Yorkshire.

### Plea for Cellars

Why do we never hear of the cellar in all these discussions about war planning? Or if we do, it's on say there won't be any in the modern design.

What's wrong with cellars? Bui may dislike them—for their reasons. But they are invaluable store-places, much better than an shed in the garden. They en absence of damp and dry-rot from ground floor. And if the really days ever come again, they're all for bottles.—S. C. GEORGE, Crest Avenue, London, N.13.

## First in the Field

### STUX WENT HUNTING

ONE day some 30,000 years ago, Stux the Hunter sat outside his cave pulling at a rope of vine dangling from the jungle branches.

He should have been out getting food. But Stux was a tired old man who hated the thought of the energy needed to hurl his spear against bison and wild horse.

He pulled irritably at the vine and let it go. It sprang back from his hand as if it was alive.

Stux clumsily fastened its end to a tree and tugged at the middle. The vine sprang back with a smack. He looked at it and at his spear.

He searched for a pliant sapling and tied to its ends a length of vine rope cut with a jagged stone.

His spear was too heavy, so he made a smaller one.

Holding the sapling upright with his left hand, fitting the butt of the spear against the vine, he let go.

The spear flew forward at great speed and plunged into a tree-trunk.

Stux picked up the sapling, dragged the spear from the tree and lumbered off to find a wild horse.

He was going hunting with the world's first bow and arrow!

P. S.

# Hannen Swaffer Talks

## ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

ARE THE DAYS of "secret diplomacy" really over?

I ask because I heard from a Premier that it is "understood" that the United States has agreed to take over the Japanese mandated islands.

I am told, too, that "spheres of influence" are already "arranged" for Europe—that Greece and Turkey come under our influence and that, in exchange, Russia is to be "allowed" to dominate Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Albania.

More, people usually informed tell how, "to counteract" American dominance in Asia, close colonial co-operation between Holland and ourselves has been "decided upon," that French overseas possessions will eventually be linked up, and that the possibility of Belgium and her colonies becoming associated would lead to a *bloc* that would guarantee Western Europe.

Yes, but when would this become anti-Russian?

### Fascism's Harvest

WHILE FOUR YEARS of Hitlerism has made France more politically self-conscious than ever, twelve years of Fascism has reduced Italy to a state of ignorance from which only some new Garibaldi can save her.

"The masses are crazy with excitement because they are free at last," said Will Lawther, who went out as president of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. "That is why there was the lynching of the former jail governor during the trial of Caruso, the Fascist killer.

"There will be more outbreaks unless the Italians are shown that they have to learn to rule themselves.

"Unless they are so taught, there is always the danger that another Mussolini or another Hitler will arise and start a new Fascism under another name. We have to help our former enemies to become our friends—unless they are to become our enemies again."

### It is Election Year!

WASHINGTON GOSSIP has been busy over the fact that, besides taking his wife with him to Quebec, Roosevelt greeted Churchill with the words "Eleanor is here."

Ignoring the fact that, as Mrs. Churchill was going, it was obviously the thing for Mrs. Roosevelt to join the party, ill-natured Election Year tongues have said: "But how indiscreet of the President! Everyone knows that his wife doesn't get on with Churchill, that his old-fashioned imperialism as regards Asia upset her long ago. Now, there is his praise of Franco!"

### "Hitler Not Guilty!"

A BOMB WAS THROWN into the middle of the War Crimes Commission by the disclosure—"It is made in the interest of all Civilisation," I was told—that, unless someone acted quickly, Hitler, Himmler, Goering and Goebbels would get off. Indeed, a crisis was created.

In order that justice should be done, stated an expert, "speaking in all seriousness," it was necessary to:

Suspend rules of old law that could become a shelter for Nazi crimes and establish new rules with retrospective force.

Decide that the launching of the war was, in itself, a crime.

Make ill-treatment of Jews and political prisoners a crime, even if it took place on German soil.

Set up a central criminal court for the trial of the chief Nazis.

Induce Russia to join the War Crimes Commission; and

Treat potential Nazi criminals as lepers.

### Adolf Napoleon!

YOU WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT, but when I wrote these lines—I hope a sudden panic altered the situation afterwards—it was impossible for the pledges made by Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, that "The chief Nazis shall be brought to justice," to be kept.

A majority of the War Crimes Commission were deciding that "Hitler was the head of a State, and, therefore, could issue orders;" "Himmler, as head of the *Gestapo*, was his Chief of Police and had to obey"; and so on.

From its inception, in the opinion of civilised mankind, Nazidom was a gangster conspiracy brought into being, as was Al Capone's, for the purpose of committing the mass crimes that *Mein Kampf* glorified beforehand.

Yet, until last week at least, Hitler and Co. could be dealt with only as political prisoners—like Napoleon!

### "The Few" of 1944

HAILING "THE FEW OF ARNHEM" as being of the stuff of which England's greatness is made," Alan Wood, who was with them, said: "If you ever met one of them in years to come, you should take off your hat to him and buy him a drink."

Another writer urged that we should let "The Men of Arnhem" march through London, so that they could be given a cheer.

Beers and cheers—yes, they are cheap enough.

But what about rewarding our heroes with the New Britain we once promised them?

Henry V, according to Shakespeare, made adulatory speeches to his troops so long ago as the eve of Agincourt. Even as long ago as that, however, the survivors came home to starve.

### Only Money Talks

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER who, at Blackpool, put penny after penny in the weighing machine that tells you your weight by means of a robot voice did so because, as he said: "*It's worth more than that to get an Englishman to speak to you!*"

**Paradise Beach in the West Indies: Room for the professional or highly skilled man but not for the unskilled worker**

## A JOB IN THE COMMONWEALTH—4

# British Colonies

## by CONNERY CHAPPELL

**This final article in the series on post-war jobs in the Empire warns intending settlers in the Colonies that there may be snags ahead**

IT IS IN THE FOUR great Dominions, particularly in Canada and Australia, that the man who is thinking of settling down abroad after the war will find most of his opportunities.

If he investigates the possibilities of post-war settlement in the Colonies, as I have done, he is likely to have something of a shock.

For the Colonies, generally speaking, offer little prospect for anyone except the professional man or the specialist.

### Too Hot for Work

The chief reason can be summed up in the one word: climate. Practically all the British Colonial Empire is situated in the equatorial hot zone.

This means that the arduous physical work of the pioneers has to be done by natives; white men can stand up to the climate, but, except for the odd case in a hundred, they are useful only as executives or supervisors.

Besides, local native labour is much cheaper than European. The Briton in the junior job cannot compete against a native working at a much smaller wage.

So the unskilled emigrant, the man with the vague wanderlust, is not likely to find a job waiting for him because he is in a place painted red on the map.

There are other difficulties. The West Indies have troubles of their own; their sugar and fruit industries have been dislocated by the war. They have more unskilled labour than they need, and, except for chemists and other experts, they will want little in the way of personnel from Britain.

At the other side of the world, the position of the British East Indian colonies, the Malay Archipelago, Burma, and the other places—still held by the Japanese—is obscure, while India has a surfeit of its own labour, both skilled and unskilled. Only executive men are wanted in countries like that.

The Gold Coast, with its tough climate, is also likely to need only the man with capital and qualifications.

Smaller places, such as Malta, Aden, and Gibraltar, are all going concerns, offering little or nothing to the non-specialised outsider.

This leaves Kenya Colony, with the mandated territory of Tanganyika and Rhodesia, which has a big scheme for rehabilitating its own ex-Servicemen before it considers taking settlers.

Of all the colonies, Kenya is in some ways the most typical.

Kenya is a large country on the Equator. It has a mountainous region known as the Highlands where a Briton can live comfortably.

There are more than 3,000,000 natives, and only 27,000 white men, almost all of them farmers. The country produces a famous coffee, tea, sisal, and does a most valuable trade in pyrethrum, a seed which produces insecticides.

In 1930 Kenya produced tea worth £8,277. Last year it was worth £629,481.

### Capital Needed

But farming in Kenya is a costly business, and the local Government has estimated that a man must have at least £3,000 to buy his land, equip his farm, and meet his first bills.

Accordingly, approved settlers are sometimes helped up to 50 per cent. by the local Government. This means that if you have £1,500 you may be able to start a farm there.

If you haven't, you are unlucky. Though you might get a job as an employee, most of the labour is recruited locally. Only sometimes is it arranged in London through the Crown Office for the Colonies.

There is little or no opening in the tropical colonies for the tradesman. There is enough labour to go round on the spot. But for the man with high qualifications it is a different story.

For him the colonies offer big opportunities.

JOHN BULL INQUIRY BUREAU conducted by HUMANIST

# STAY-AT-HOME GIRL

**Is she wrong to have given up pleasures? And should a young man be troubled by conscience? Humanist gives advice to both**

"UNTIL A YEAR AGO, when I was twenty-one, I believed in having a good time, but now I am content to stay indoors every night, reading a book or pottering around.

"Is it natural at my age to shun dancing and parties? At times I feel much older than I am.

"I have been in the A.T.S. nearly three years and get a bit bored with it. I feel I'm in a shell and can't get out of it. Do you think I'll ever change?"

Of course you will. Didn't you change a year ago? But you went from one extreme to the other, and I think you would enjoy life all the better if you compromised.

Reading and listening to the wireless will not make you prematurely old, but at twenty-two you should also find interest in the films, plays, sport—yes, and dancing and parties. A continual round of anything can be boring, so try to alternate your pleasures with "stay at home" evenings.

### Escape

That idea of retiring into a shell suggests that you have passed through some emotional crisis; perhaps you have been "let down" by a friend? If so, don't give yourself much time to brood on the past!

"I was brought up in a good Christian home. My father was a church worker, a strict teetotaler and non-smoker. I am sure he never swore or made a bet in his life, and he had a contempt for pleasure-seekers. As a boy I followed his example.

"One day last year I was alone with him when he suddenly fell dead with heart failure. After I got over the shock I did a lot of thinking. I became convinced that there was no hereafter, so it would be foolish to deny oneself the pleasures and happiness of this life.

"I learned to dance; I flirted; I tried a good many drinks; I went to a race meeting and won a few shillings; I stopped going to church. Instead of feeling an awful sinner I felt light-hearted and healthy-minded. It was as if I had escaped from a narrow life into the open spaces.

"But now my conscience is troubling me. Am I really a rotter?"

Your father was a fine man, no doubt, and enjoyed life in his own way. But in my opinion the real sins are not those which he tabooed.

### No Exceptions

Dancing, theatre-going, card-playing, and light-hearted love-making were frowned on by the Puritans, but intelligent people have come to realise that the worst sins are cruelty, selfishness, vindictiveness, disloyalty, dishonesty, and meanness. Keep clear of these vices and you'll keep your self-respect.

"I have always paddled my own canoe, and paddled it well, but I have never been asked to pay income tax. Ought I to enlighten the authorities, who apparently don't know of my existence?

"If I do, shall I be prosecuted for not paying before when I have never been asked to make a return?"

Of course you should pay income tax like everybody else, so write to your local inspector of taxes. You will not be prosecuted, but naturally you will have to pay for previous years. The Commissioners will want to collect every penny due to the State; that is their job.

### Liable to Means Test

H. C., Bridgend: There is no means test for a claim to old-age pension under the Contributory Pensions Act at the age of sixty-five. But a man who has not been insured, and claims a pension at seventy under the Old Age Pensions Act of 1936, is liable to a means test; if his earnings exceed £49 17s. 6d. a year, he won't get a pension. Ask for Leaflet O.A.P. 107, at any post office.

W. D., Liverpool: Yes, you must obtain permission if you wish to make toys for sale in however small a way. Apply to the Board of Trade, Department of Industries and Manufactures, Branch 4, London, S.W.1, and they will send you an application form. If sanction is given and you then intend to sell to the public, you must obtain a permit from your local Price Regulation Committee.

R. S., West Lothian: You cannot claim income-tax allowance in respect of the three grandchildren you look after while their father is still alive—unless you legally adopt them and the father renounces his claim to child allowance.

B. C., Nottingham: There is a reason why the only gifts sent home by troops in Malta consist of Maltese lace. Most of the goods in Malta must be imported, and are now reduced to a minimum. Lace-making, however, is a home industry, and supplies may be exported.

### Service

APART FROM THE QUERIES answered above, countless problems are dealt with through the post, both by Humanist and our Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. One guinea is paid for all letters or extracts published.

Expert guidance on all subjects (except those of a medical nature) is available for readers who prefer a postal reply.

In approved cases grants are made to ex-Servicemen or their dependants through the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

# Celebrating "Bullets" 32nd Birthday

—up go the flags and the Prize-money!

## CASH WINNERS

**"BULLETS" No. 1,444—FIRST PRIZE £100**

R. Snowdon, "Braeside," Slaggyford, Carlisle, for this "Bullet":

HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT
LIGHTS RETURNING—RIGHTS NEXT?

£10 : Miss E. Oyston, 30, Dirkhill Road, Bradford.
Magician Monty—Used *By* "Unseen Hand."

£5 : F. Ramsdale, 15, Guildford Road, Southend-on-Sea
Coming First—Portal's "Heaven"? Heaven's Portal?

£4 : W. G. Corr, Killyleagh, Belfast.
Britain We Want—More Possessions? More Possessing!

£3 : H. C. Clarke, 17, High Street, Devizes.
Britain We Want—Alive—Let "Crosses" Indicate!

£2 : Mrs. G. E. Munro, "Ardaravon," Morin Road, Paignton.
Marching On—Together—Or Forever "Marching"?

38s. : A. W. Neal, 73, Woodberry Way, Chingford, E.4.
In Our Steel House—I've *One* Razor-blade!

36s. : W. S. Howe, 58, Bartlemay Road, Cowley Road, Oxford.
Marching On—*Hitlerism's* "Soul" Mustn't Go.

34s. : W. Wilson, 43, Reed Street, South Shields.
Britain We Want—*Pre-war* "Sears" Removed, Too.

32s. : E. Sargeant, 4, Cunningham Road, Westhoughton, Bolton.
Men Who Swell—By "Stinging" You, Profiteers.

30s. : J. Bunting, 103, Twaddell Avenue, Belfast.
One Way Out—Before Mule Kicked Hut!

Fountain Pen with each of the above Prizes.

A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices; 250 New Prizes and 750 Merit Awards have been posted.

**£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 396**

WINNING WORDS: 1. Ardour. 2. Pint. 3. Sort. 4. Wretch. 5. Aim. 6. Ankles. 7. Mile. 8. Holt. 9. Alike. 10. Fee. 11. Sally or Salty. 12. Fine. 13. Act. 14. Tanks.

WINNER OF £100:—
Miss. L. Cunningham,
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Glasgow.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 55 entrants

XWORD OFFER now only in "Crossword Gazette"—for latest available issue, send 1d. stamp to Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, Long Acre, W.C.2.

UP with a rush goes *Bullets* First Prize this week—up to as much as £250 Cash!

Start on the *Examples*, follow the simple instructions, make sure your entry is posted by Monday, October 16—and the big Birthday First can be yours!

First Prize Telegram goes on Friday, Oct. 27

## ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

SIMPLY add 2, 3, or 4 words of apt and original comment to any *Example* and you've made a *Bullet* which may make you the winner of this week's £250.

The last six *Examples* are for completion with any ONE WORD of your own choice in the position indicated by the dotted line. Then make *Bullets* from them as usual.

TO REBUILD BRITAIN
THE BIG QUESTION
WHILE WE CAN
LIGHTS OF LONDON
INFURIATING
BROKE DOWN THE BARRIERS
TOKEN OF GRATITUDE
DIDN'T WORK
WHY DAD'S FED-UP

IN THE POST-WAR SCRAMBLE
FIT TO LIVE IN
FANFARE OF TRUMPETS
MAN WITH A PLAN
MISSED A LOT
GLORIOUS MUDDLE
HOW IT HAPPENED
FIGHTING MAD
FIRST THINGS FIRST, SO

WINSTON AND ROOSEVELT MEDALS
Extra "Examples"—see instructions
IN LIBERTY'S.....
THE NAZI.....
WORSE THAN.....
IF I WERE.....
SLOW TO.....
TO THE LAST.....

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 28.

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LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, OCT. 16

**RULES** 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

**ADDRESS ENTRY** "BULLETS" 1,443, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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